

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Heart to Heart.

HYMNS BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE OLD, OLD STORY"





Heart to Heart.

HYMNS BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."



"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."—*Prov.* xxvii. 19.

Second Edition.

LONDON:
WILLIAM MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1870.

147. g 231.

COPYRIGHT.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Let the words of my mouth,
and
the meditation of my heart,
be acceptable
in Thy sight,
O Lord,
my Strength, and my Redeemer!

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Hidden Glories	1
Weary, yet Waiting	4
Elisha	8
We, and They	10
Thou art near, O LORD!	11
I shall be holy	13
Be Thou their Arm every morning	14
Not Alone	15
God is so Good!	17
Journeying	19
Fresh Springs	21
Joy cometh in the Morning	26
The Bride's Search	29
The Golden Sceptre	33
The thing that I long for	35
White as Snow	37
I am a little Child	40
He knoweth our frame	42
I love to tell the Story	44

PAGE

The Secret Spring 46
Apart 49
The Sick Man's Prayer 53
Joseph and his Brethren 55
The Guiding Pillar 59
Draw me 61
The Eve of Departure 63
Lovest thou Me? 66
Solitude 68
Come unto Me 69
The Prayer of the Destitute 71
A Way to Escape 73
The Man of Macedonia 78

[*Arranged according to date of writing*,—1859—1869.]

Hymns.

Hidden Glories.

Part I.

THOUGHTS ON EXODUS XXV.

WITHIN the Tabernacle door,
My soul, what dost thou see?
'Tis JESUS, JESUS, everywhere,
That shows Himself to me.

The "Holy Place" is full of Light,
A Light that goes out never!
'Tis JESUS, who has changed my night
To day that lasts for ever.

The "Holy Place" has holy Food,
Each Sabbath newly spread:
'Tis JESUS that I here behold,
The true and living Bread.

And now I press beyond the Veil,
And venture still more near.
Within the "Holiest of all,"
What glories now appear!

Upon the Ark, a Mercy-Seat;
A perfect Law, within:
'Tis JESUS, "full of Grace and Truth,"
Atoning for my sin.

The given Law was broken, once,
But now, in Christ, is whole:
And Mercy reigns once more supreme
O'er my enraptured soul.

O JESUS! Thou art all in all!
I care for none like Thee!
All else be hidden from my sight,
But show THYSELF to me!

I cannot leave this Holy Place!
O suffer me to stay!
I long to see Thy beauty, Lord,
All day and every day!

Part II.

THOUGHTS ON EXODUS XXVI.

But all the glories of this place
Are veiled from common eyes;
The "badgers' skin" alone appears,
Which o'er those glories lies.

Three other curtains, underneath,
Their darkening powers unite,
To keep the Secret of the Lord,
And veil the holy Light.

And truly, all that is in Christ,
I never should have known,
Had He not led me in Himself,
And all His beauty shewn.

Dear Saviour! People wrong Thee so!
Reject Thee, and despise!
Thy glory, and Thy beauty too,
Seem hidden from their eyes.

Give me a message to them, Lord!
Transparent let me be,
That I may give a true report
Of what I find in Thee!

Weary, yet Waiting.

"*If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.*" (*Rom. viii.* 25.)

I AM weary, yet I would not
Flee away and be at rest:
JESUS loves me, and He could not
Fail to give me what is best.

I am weary, night and morning,
Of the world's incessant strife,
But I know the day is dawning
Of a bright eternal Life.

I can wait a little longer,
For His Will is very dear:
And in waiting I grow stronger,
For I feel the Day is near.

Not a moment will He keep me
When the Harvest-time is come;
Angel-messengers shall reap me,
And shall take the Harvest home.

Where He is, so He hath taught me,
I shall be, when I can bear
All the "weight of glory" bought me
By His Intercession there.

Welcome then be every dealing
That is helping to this end!
Though the discipline I'm feeling,
I can hail it as a friend.

O the joy of being holy!
How delightful it will be!
Mind and body given solely
To the bliss of serving Thee!

Blessed JESUS! Thou hast told me
I shall see Thee as Thou art!
Face to face I shall behold Thee,
Never more from Thee to part!

I shall see Thee in the glory
Which surrounded Thee above,
Ere began the wondrous story
Of Thy dear redeeming Love.

And though now so far above me,
That my words are faint and few,
Yet "Thou knowest that I love Thee;"
Lord, "Thou knowest" that I do!

And the love which I am telling
Does but feebly echo Thine!
In Thy Heart of Love I'm dwelling,
E'en as Thou, Lord, art in mine.

Living Source of living pleasure!
Thou hast satisfied my heart!
Who shall chide this rapturous measure?
Who shall bid my joy depart?

Holy Saviour! Dost Thou hear me?
Art Thou really at my side?
Yes, no angel is more near Thee,
Glorious Bridegroom of the Bride!

I am one with Thee for ever;
One with Thee, in death and life!
Nought from Thee my soul can sever,
All throughout this mortal strife.

Here awhile Thy Cross I'm sharing,
Yet I would not lay it down,
For I need it in preparing
For the weight of Glory's Crown.

In the joy of Thy Salvation
There is heaven on earth, to me:
What then—glorious expectation!
Must Thy Heaven in Heaven be!

Not a spot or wrinkle staining
The fair beauty of the Bride,
And Eternity remaining,
To be spent at JESUS' side!

Yet, what was I once? A stranger!
Love alone has rescued me:
Love, Incarnate in the manger,
Love, outstretched upon the tree.

Love Incarnate, suffering, bleeding,
Bearing all my penalty!
Love Incarnate, risen, pleading,
That the sinner might go free!

Love Incarnate! I adore Thee,
Reigning now in Heaven above:
For the sinner's heart before Thee
Is the conquest of that Love!

Elisha.

"*And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.*" (2 *Kings iv.* 32, 33.)

THE door is shut! Let none intrude
On that momentous solitude:
Elisha is alone!
Alone—beside that lifeless boy,
But yesterday so full of joy,
Now, motionless as stone!

The door is shut: but GOD is there,
The living GOD who answers prayer:
What will the issue be?
A glorious answer comes ere long,
And prayer is quenched in thankful song:
Where, Death, thy victory?

Desponding Christian! Why not share
This glorious privilege of prayer,
And share its great reward?
'Tis secret prayer that wins the day,
Not prayerless effort! Rise and pray!
Thine is Elisha's GOD!

Enter thy closet: wrestle there,
With faith's "effectual fervent prayer,"
Till death shall change to life;
Till hope out of the dust shall spring,
And joyous notes of praise shall ring
Out of the bitter strife.

Go on in faith, go on in prayer;
Order thy cause before Him there;
It cannot but prevail.
The things impossible with men
Grow possible with GOD again:
HIS Power cannot fail.

Fear not, though face to face with Death!
Only invoke the Living Breath,
To breathe upon the slain!
Once thou thyself wast lying there,
As dead as he!—canst thou despair?
Arise, and pray again!

Go, stretch thyself upon the dead,
Thou living proof that Christ has said,
"Ask, and ye shall receive!"
O claim His promise! "Ask" once more!
Thou shalt receive a boundless store,
"If"—"if thou canst believe!"

We, and They.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"
(*Rev. xiv.* 13.)

WE have had days of mourning,
Since THEY were called away;
But not a tear of sorrow
Have THEY shed, since that day.

WE have had hours of conflict,
Too fierce, too wild, to own;
But not a moment's struggle
Those peaceful ones have known.

WE have had deep repentings
O'er sin's enslaving power;
But oh! THEY left off sinning,
In that eventful hour!

WE have seen Christ but dimly,
By faith, and not by sight;
But THEY have seen Him clearly,
In everlasting light!

Yet soon, we shall be with them,
And be "with Christ," as they!
O let us not grow weary,
In waiting for that Day!

"Thou art near, O Lord!"

(*Ps. cxix.* 151.)

JESUS, holy Saviour, hear me!
Let me feel that Thou art near me,
That my feeble, broken prayer
Is not—"speaking to the air!"
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

Thou hast died for me,—I know it;
Thou hast life, and dost bestow it:
Yet 'tis not enough for me;
I must hourly say to Thee:
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

Live, as seeing Him who liveth,
Take, as seeing Him who giveth,
Communing with Him each hour,—
This alone can give me power:
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

Power—for each day of sorrow,
Since Thou carest for the morrow;
Power to work, and power to bear:
What may I not do or dare?
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

Foes are near, but Thou art nearer:
Friends are dear, but Thou art dearer;
Closer far than friend or foe,
Better known than all I know;
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

JESUS! JESUS! Let me name Thee
O'er and o'er;—Thou wilt not blame me!
'Tis my greatest comfort here,
Just to whisper in Thine ear,
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

Yes, and in a little while,
Basking in Thine endless smile,
I shall say, with sinless heart,
Gazing on Thee as Thou art,
"Thou art near, O LORD!"

I shall be holy.

"They are without fault before the Throne of God."
(Rev. xiv. 5.)

I SHALL be holy! O the thought is dear,
When I am wrestling with corruption here!
It will be over, soon,—this constant strife
With sin and Satan, and the pride of life.

I shall be holy! No indwelling sin,
To blight and mortify the grace within!
No cold affections, no inconstant will,
Shall any more the throne of JESUS fill.

I shall be holy! Satan shall be bound,
And cease his hungry watchings all around:
"No lion shall be there," in search of prey;
I shall be out of Satan's reach, that day.

I shall be holy! This world's glittering scene
Never again shall dare to come between
Me and my Saviour's countenance, or share
One atom of my heart's affections, there.

I shall be holy! Shine then, glorious Sun!
Ripen in me the work Thou hast begun!
Then, Lord, "immediately" Thy promise keep,
Put in the sickle, and the harvest reap!

"Be Thou their Arm every morning."

(*Is. xxxiii.* 2.)

SAVIOUR! From the day's beginning,
That I may be kept from sinning,
That I may be kept from harm,
Every moment be mine Arm!

Work and Duty lie before me;
Thoughts of fear sometimes come o'er me;
But a wonder-working charm
Lies in this—I have Thine Arm!

What though many a bitter sorrow
May await me on the morrow,
Yet to-day I can be calm,
Leaning wholly on Thine Arm.

In the midst of tribulation,
There's abundant consolation,
For each wound there is a balm,
If I lean upon Thine Arm.

And when, safe at home in glory,
I shall understand life's story,
All throughout that endless calm,
I will lean upon Thine Arm.

Not Alone.

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS.

"*Then came JESUS, the door being shut.*"
(*St. John xx.* 26.)

My never absent SAVIOUR!
'Tis pleasant here to lie,
And drink in loving glances
From Thine indulgent eye!
To hear Thee whisper,
"Thou art Mine,"
And gladly answer,
"I am Thine!"

My ever-watchful GUARDIAN!
I feel that Thou art near;
Thine arm too closely round me,
To leave me room for fear.
I hear Thee whisper,
"Thou art Mine,"
And gladly answer,
"I am Thine!"

My own untiring TEACHER!
It is so sweet to be
By Thine own Self instructed,
When left alone with Thee!
To hear Thee whisper,
"Thou art Mine,"
And gladly answer,
"I am Thine!"

My glorious FORE-RUNNER!
What must Thy Heaven be,
If it is so entrancing,
The very thought of Thee!
For, Lord of Glory,
THOU art mine,
And not ashamed
To call me THINE!

"God is so Good!"

"Thou art good, and doest good." (*Ps. cxix.* 68.)

"God is so good!" Though heart and flesh were failing,
Though pain and weakness clogged the labouring breath,
Thus have our loved ones, fighting, yet prevailing,
Believed and spoken in the hour of death.

"God is so good!" Think not their lips were bringing
Fruit to the altar of an "Unknown God:"
Nay, verily! To Jesus they were clinging,
Through Whom alone we learn to "know the Lord."

"God is so good!" O words of comfort, falling
Like prophet's mantle by the river's side!
In time of need, those precious words recalling,
Onward we press, and Jordan's waves divide.

"God is so good!" His daily mercies claim it,
That we should render daily homage due;
Each morning's light and evening's rest proclaim it,
That God is good, and doeth good anew.

"God is so good!" But none the less in sorrow,
Than when we walk along a path of light;
For there are stars that day can never borrow,
And God's best promises shine best at night.

"God is so good!" So father-like and tender!
He loves the music of the bruised reed:
He will not break it, when it tries to render
Its feeble praises still, in time of need.

"God is so good!" Let praise then be unceasing,
And "with thanksgiving" mingled every prayer!
All through our trials, howsoe'er increasing,
Still let Hosannas pierce the darkened air.

Lord, "Thou art good, and doest good;" I know it,
But cannot always feel it as I should.
O for a stronger faith! Do Thou bestow it,
Till my whole life proclaim that "Thou art good!"

Journeying.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the LORD said, I will give it you." (*Numb. x.* 29.)

We are journeying to a country
Of which God Himself hath said,
"I will give it you;" then let us
Simply follow as we're led.

"We are journeying;" then let patience
Be displayed, where'er we roam:
Who expects upon a journey
All the comforts of a home?

"We are journeying;" we are strangers,
Passing through, not come to stay:
Let not foreign toys engross us
That we see upon our way.

"We are journeying;" then should riches
Be committed to our care,
May a special guard attend us,
Lest we fall into a snare!

"We are journeying;" O then, onward!
Not as though we had attained,
But in holiness advancing,
Till our blood-bought Home be gained.

"We are journeying;" yes, and whither?
To a land that's very dear!
To a land of peace and plenty,
And that may be—very near!

For although before us stretching
Seem a long and dreary road,
Ere we pass another mile-stone,
We may be at Home, with God!

Fresh Springs.

"All my Fresh Springs shall be in Thee." (Ps. lxxxvii. 7. Prayer Book Version.)

WHY is the world so thirsty,
So restless, ill at ease,
So careworn with its pleasures,
So difficult to please?
Because the truth it cannot see,
That all "Fresh Springs" must be in THEE!

Why is Thy Church so weary?
Why does Thy cherished Bride
Appear so sad and lonely,
So far from "satisfied"?
What once she knew, she fails to see,
That all her "Fresh Springs" are in THEE!

Why needs she so much urging
To work, and love, and feel?
Why craves she fresh excitement,
To stimulate her zeal?
She cannot, or she will not, see
That all "Fresh Springs" must be in THEE!

Too true it is! On every side
We look in vain for Christ's true Bride!
We hardly recognize her, now,
So faint the glory on her brow!
She lives an outside life,—not void
Of talents usefully employed,—
The tilted vessel overflows,
But day by day more empty grows;
Too seldom is it filled, with care,
By meditation and by prayer,
For Christ's own Bride—how strange to own!
Is seldom with her Lord, alone!

Is it not strange? With what surprise
Must it be seen by Angel eyes!
But that my own deceitful heart
In all these scenes has borne a part,
The sad reality would seem
The groundless terror of a dream!

I should have thought that she would prize
The mute appeal of those kind eyes,
The incommunicable things
Which JESUS CHRIST's own Presence brings,
The sight of the Incarnate Son,
Unseen, yet fondly gazed upon,

The speaking silence in Him found,
The wordless voice, "'Tis holy ground:"

Yes, verily, I should have thought,
Unless by sad experience taught,
That such exceeding Tenderness,
Such all-surpassing Loveliness,
Once seen and tasted, had sufficed
To make her lose herself in Christ!

I should have thought that one so blest
Would never care to leave her nest,
Unless, on wings of love, to fly,
Led by the glances of His eye,
And, keeping Him in sight, fulfil
Some fresh expression of His Will:
Then, home returning at His call,
Come straight to Him, and tell Him all,
Confess her failures, on His breast,
Give HIM the glory of the rest,
And then, with loving heart and true,
Ask what He next would have her do;
The passion of her heart fulfilled,
If all be done as HE hath willed:—
HIS thoughts, the standard of her own,
HIS Will, life's sweetest under-tone,

No work of love too great, or small,
To undertake at His dear call!

I should have thought the favoured Bride
Would cling for ever to His side,
And need no pressure of alarm,
To make her lean upon His Arm;
No sudden or extreme distress,
To prove His glorious Faithfulness;
Nor failure of all earthly things,
To drive her to the heavenly Springs.

I should have thought she would not care
For any joy He did not share,
Nor any earthly object prize,
If Jesus did not sympathize;
Nor let herself be "greatly moved"
By human blame, if He approved;
Nor have a single plan apart
From Him, the Sovereign of her heart;
But hang upon His every word,
And treasure up each accent heard,
Each tone of love, each—less than tone,
Each look of love that said: "Mine own!"
And never, never turn away
From so much love, and coldly say:
"I have not time for Thee, to-day!"

O JESUS! Wondrous, loving Lord!
Untired still! Be Thou adored!
Thy patience with Thy fickle Bride
May well attract her to Thy side!
O that she may Thy whisper hear,
"Return! Return! For I am near!"
And ever henceforth taste and see
That all her Fresh Springs are in Thee!

"Joy cometh in the Morning."

(*Ps. xxx.* 5.)

'Tis sweet, when we are weary,
To feel that night is near;
To watch the daylight fading,
And see the stars appear.

For Rest is very welcome
To weary labouring men,
And with the rising morrow
We hope to rise again.

But oh! it will be sweeter,
That last "Good Night" to say,
Then fall asleep, in Jesus,
Until the break of Day!

For we are tired!—so tired!
And on the Saviour's breast
We long, with wordless longings,
To lay us down and rest.

Then, when the blessed Morning
Shall suddenly appear,
Refreshed, and clothed with glory,
What greetings shall we hear!

Then all our Father's children
  Shall meet around His board,
And satisfy their longings,
  By gazing on the Lord.

And then, oh! how delightful,
  Upon that "holy ground,"
To see the Saviour's image
  Reflected all around!

Divine and human beauty
  Shall wonderfully meet
On every saint in glory,
  In unity complete.

For we shall all be "like Him!"
  And we shall never tire
Of gazing at each other,
  His beauty to admire.

Yet we shall know our loved ones,
  And by them shall be known,
And safely then, for ever,
  May claim them as our own.

Each saint we shall distinguish;
  Each well-remembered face,
Each line of human beauty,
  We once again shall trace.

Yet all we here admire,
  Is but the streak of dawn,
Before the burst of glory,
  That Resurrection Morn!

For no one will look tired,
  And no one, full of care:
No sin, or weakness, yonder!
  No "spot, or wrinkle," there!

Lord JESUS, keep us patient,
  Until the setting sun,
In works of love abounding,
  Till earthly work be done!

The Bride's Search.

(*Song Sol. v. 2, to vi. 3.*)

I SLEEP, but my heart waketh:
I start at every sound:
A horror of great darkness
Is gathering all around.
No voice of love, to calm my fear!
I am alone!—No JESUS near!

Aroused from sinful slumber,
What voice is this I hear?
The voice of my Beloved,
In former days so dear!
I am alone;—yet waiting still
Is He whom I have used so ill!

I hear a gentle knocking
Outside the sin-closed door:
Although my sin He hateth,
He loves me as before!
"Open to Me, My Love, My Dove!"
What can I say to so much love?

Like a belated stranger,
His Head is filled with dew:
Oh! He is weary, weary!
And it is my fault, too.
I am alone, because of sin:
I will not let my Saviour in!

But see! The latch is moving!
His Hand is on the door!
My heart begins to soften;
I hesitate no more.
I will arise and let Him in:
Enough of loneliness and sin!

Come in, Thou blessed JESUS;
Be welcome now again!
. . . But oh! He has departed!
I call on Him in vain!
Where art Thou gone, Beloved, where?
O come again! O hear my prayer!

Where is my heart's Beloved?
Will no one tell me where?
Alas, the very watchmen
But deepen my despair!
They see in me no sign of grace;
They do not understand my case.

Ye citizens of this world,
Who know not JESUS yet,
If ye find my Beloved
Ere I His answer get,
O speak to Him of me—of me!
O say: She also longs for Thee!

"What then is thy Beloved,
Thou fairest child of Eve,
What more than many another
Whom our fond hearts receive?
Why dost thou charge us thus? and why
That fevered speech, that flashing eye?"

Oh! you know little of Him,
If thus you coldly speak
Of that transcendent Loved One
Whom I so vainly seek!
No words of mine can make you see
What my Beloved is to me.

It were a vain endeavour
His merits to pourtray,
For "Altogether Lovely"
Is all that I can say.
Did you but know Him as I do,
You would arise and seek Him too.

"O fairest among women!
This earnestness and fear
Convince us that thy Loved One,
Although unseen, is near.
We too would see Him! Lead the way!
So shall thy darkness turn to day."

Yes, it is true: who watereth
Shall gain refreshing grace:
In pointing them to JESUS,
Once more I see His Face!
JESUS HIMSELF is very near!
My own Beloved! Thou art here!

The Golden Sceptre.

"The King held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near, and touched the top of the sceptre." (*Esther v.* 2.)

THE King holds out the golden sceptre;
And this its language seems to be:
"Fear not! My hand has royal power,
And I will use that power for thee!"

She rightly understands its meaning,
And with a beating heart draws nigh.
"Queen Esther, what is thy petition?
Fear not! It cannot rise too high."

Encouraged thus, her sad heart's burden
She wholly casts upon her lord;
The multitude of thoughts within her,
Before that throne of grace are poured.

Come, Bride of CHRIST, her footsteps follow!
JESUS Himself is on the Throne,
His Sceptre graciously extendeth,
And bids thee call His power thine own.

Then touch the Sceptre, night and morning,
And many times throughout the day:
He loves thee, and He cares to listen
To everything thou hast to say.

Is there a thought thou hast not uttered
To any friend beneath the sun,
A thought that cannot find expression,
A thought that seems but just begun?

O go and tell it all to JESUS!
JESUS is sure to understand!
Pour out thy burdened heart before Him,
And touch the Sceptre with thy hand.

Be not afraid, and be not slothful,
For He hath said, "Seek ye My Face:"
Draw near, and every time draw nearer;
"Come boldly to the Throne of Grace!"

The thing that I long for.

"*THOU, O LORD GOD, art the thing that I long for.*" (*Ps. lxxi. 4. Prayer Book Version.*)

THOU art the thing that I long for,
Though there are beautiful things,
Things to delight and enrapture,
Even in earth's "nether springs."[a]

THOU art the thing that I long for!
Give Thyself wholly to me!
Other things crumble and vanish;
Nothing contents me but THEE!

THOU art the thing that I long for!
Lord, I believe Thou art near!
Where could these longings find utterance,
But in Thy listening ear?

THOU art the thing that I long for!
Yes, and this longing of mine,
Though almost dumb from intenseness,
Is but the echo of THINE![b]

[a] Josh. xv. 19.
[b] Ps. cxxxii. 13, 14. Song Sol. vii. 10.

THOU art the thing that I long for!
O that each sorrow I feel,
O that each loss and bereavement
More of Thyself may reveal!

THOU art the thing that I long for!
Heaven itself will be fair,
Fair in its glorious completeness,
Chiefly because THOU art there!

White as Snow.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." (*Is. i.* 18.)

"WHITE AS SNOW!" O what a Promise
For the heavy-laden breast!
When, by faith, the soul receives it,
Weariness is changed to rest.

"Red like crimson," deep as scarlet,
Scarlet of the deepest dye,
Are the manifold transgressions
Which upon my conscience lie.

GOD alone can count their number;
GOD alone can look within;
O the sinfulness of sinning!
O the guilt of every sin!

GOD's own Law, so just and holy,
Proves my sin and shame and loss;
But what proves it still more clearly,
Is the Story of the Cross.

Heavy-laden, worn and weary,
To the Promise let me go,
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow!"

"White as Snow!" Oh! have you watched it,
Softly carpeting the ground,
Wreathing with a wreath of silver
Every common thing around?

Have you ever placed beside it
Spotless linen, fair and white?
Did it not seem foul, by contrast,
Like a shadow on the light?

"White as Snow!" Can my transgressions
Thus be wholly washed away,
Leaving not a stain behind them,
Like a cloudless summer day?

Yes, at once, and that, completely,
Through the Blood of Christ, I know,
All my sins, though red like crimson,
May become "as white as snow!"

I believe the glorious Record
GOD has given of His Son;
I accept the free Forgiveness
His atoning Death has won.

But the cost of this Forgiveness
Never let my soul forget!
Day by day, O GOD, remind me:
"I forgave thee all that debt!"

Much forgiven! Quite forgiven,
Once for all, yet daily, too,
Let me live near Christ my Saviour;
Let me keep the Cross in view.

Much forgiven! Then let boasting
Be for ever cast aside:
Shall a newly-pardoned sinner
Dare to lift his head in pride?

Much forgiven! O my Saviour,
If my present state be such,
May these further words describe me,
THIS POOR SINNER LOVETH MUCH!

I am a little Child.

"I am but a little child." (1 *Kings iii.* 7.)

Surely the Lord Himself is in this place!
He has not said in vain, "Seek ye my Face!"
Thy Face, Lord, will I seek: 'tis very sweet
To be allowed to sit at Jesus' feet!

But stay, there is a still more blessed state,
Communion still more close and intimate:
Lord, I'm "a little child!" Then suffer me
To come, as such, and nestle close to Thee.

I am too weak to climb into Thine arms,
So take me up Thyself! Let all alarms
Be hushed to sleep upon Thy tender breast:
Forbid me not! I come to Thee for rest.

I am a little child! I never know
What is the best or safest way to go:
I always make mistakes! By day or night,
It is not safe to trust me out of sight.

I am a little child! So little strength
Have I, that I begin to see at length,
How true is that first lesson taught by Thee,
"Ye can do nothing"—nothing!—"without Me."

I am a little child! Thy fresh supplies
Each day delight afresh my wondering eyes:
But do you ask me how it is I'm fed?
My heavenly Father gives me "daily bread."

I am a little child; and satisfied:
GOD has provided, and He will provide.
I have enough; and I can truly sing,
"My GOD withholdeth from me no good thing."

I am a little child! I cannot see
What in the Future is prepared for me:
I feel that Thou art training me, each day,
But what I then shall be,—I cannot say.

I am a little child! 'Tis better so:
For we are strong, when weak; and high, when low;
Richest, when poor; and wise, when we discern
How much, how very much, we have to learn.

Where can we learn it, but at JESUS' feet?
Angels must wonder at our self-conceit,
If we are not content, and thankful, too,
To live and learn—as little children do.

No time is wasted, and no labour lost,
That teaches our proud hearts, at any cost,
From self escaping, to escape to Thee,
And learn the wisdom of simplicity!

He knoweth our frame.

WRITTEN FOR AN INVALID.

"*He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust.*" (*Ps. ciii.* 14.)

LORD, is it wrong,—this state of things?
I hardly know:
Each little bird its anthem sings;
I feel so low!
So restless, so disheartened, and so weary!
Life seems to me so desolate and dreary!

This body seems to drag me down:
I cannot see
The beautiful, unfading crown,
Prepared for me.
Some of Thy children seem so full of light!
But as for me, my day is almost night!

I do believe it was for me,
That JESUS died:
And Heaven's door, I think I see,
Is opened, wide:
I do believe that He will let me in,
And that His Blood has cleansed me from my sin.

O why then should I feel afraid?
Is it not true,
My sins were all on JESUS laid,
And sorrows, too?
Hath He not grace enough for all to-morrows?
For surely He hath borne our griefs and sorrows!

My FATHER! O how sweet the name!
Art THOU not near?
Say, dost Thou pity me?—or blame?
I long to hear!
FATHER! My FATHER! This is all my trust,
That Thou rememberest I am but dust!

Thou knowest well my frame, for Thou
Hast fashioned me:
The darkness all around me now
Is light, to Thee!
Then take me by the hand, and lead me on,
Thy poor blind child!—until the night be gone!

Until the shadows flee away
Before the Sun,
And glorious, everlasting Day
Shall have begun!
Meanwhile, in love and pity, lead Thou me,
For all my expectation is from Thee!

I love to tell the Story.

"Show forth His Salvation from day to day." (*Ps. xcvi.* 2.)

I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of JESUS and His Glory,
Of JESUS and His Love!

I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the Story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the Story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the Story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG, [a]
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long!

[a] Rev. v. 9, 10.

The Secret Spring.

"He shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green." (*Jer. xvii.* 7, 8.)

THE gentle moon was silvering
The outline of the trees,
The lullaby of Nature
Was whispered in the breeze.
'Twas not a time for talking,
Or speculations high:
I wanted to be quiet,
And hear that lullaby.

I wanted to be silent,
And watch the waving grass,
So gracefully inclining
To let the breezes pass.
It seemed to grow in beauty,
The more it bowed its head,
Like penitential murmurs
On saintly dying bed.

I marvelled at its beauty,
So manifold, so sweet,
Like rainbow colours blending
In harmony complete.
And while I looked, and wondered
What made it grow so high,
The question rose within me,
Is there a hid supply?

For it was taller, fairer,
Than all the grass around;
What made it thus to differ
From cumberers of the ground?
At last, the whispering breezes
This answer seemed to bring,
(Its echoes rang within me,)
"There is a SECRET SPRING!

You cannot see the waters
By which the grass is fed;
You cannot see the brooklet,
Within its little bed;
You cannot even hear it,
So quiet is its flow;
And yet, those hidden waters
Have made the grass to grow!"

Then, "planted by the waters,"
O Saviour, let me be,
That I may thus be fruitful,
And glory bring to Thee!
Not unto me be glory!
THY praises would I sing:
Yes, for the grass were nothing,
Without the SECRET SPRING!

Apart.

"*Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.*" (*St. Mark vi.* 31.)

"Come ye yourselves apart,
And rest awhile;"
So spake the gracious Lord,
With gracious smile.
What soul-refreshing thoughts
The words suggest:
"Come ye yourselves apart,"
With Me, "and rest!"

"Come ye yourselves apart,"
And tell Me all
That you have done and taught,
Since that last Call;
Since last I sent you forth
To work for Me,
Amid the haunts of sin
And misery.

"Come ye yourselves apart,"
And do not fear
To tell Me all your thoughts;
I love to hear!
Begin where you left off;
Leave nothing out;
Tell Me each word and work,
Each hope, and doubt.

"Come ye yourselves apart,"
And listen, too;
For I have many things
To say to you.
I want to let you know
What I have thought
Of all this work for Me,
That you have wrought.

"Come ye yourselves apart,"
That I may teach
The many, many things,
You have to preach.
You cannot learn them all
In one short day;
But something may be learnt,
If you will stay.

"Come ye yourselves apart!"
I care for you;
Not for the sake of aught
That you can do:
Your work is very poor
And weak, at best;
But ye yourselves are dear:
Then come, and rest!

"Come ye yourselves apart,"
Renew your strength,
That you may better go
Prepared at length,
By holy leisure spent
Alone with Me,
To work the work prepared
For thee!—for thee![a]

And when the closing hour
Of Life's short day
Shall tell of earthly work
All passed away,
I will draw near, and say,
With loving smile,
Fear not; but come apart,
And rest—awhile!

[a] See Eph. ii. 10, margin.

Rest, rest, with Me, awhile,
In Paradise,
Till He who bade thee rest,
Shall bid thee rise!
Then rise, with quickened powers,
To spend, for Me,
That blessed leisure-time,
Eternity!

The Sick Man's Prayer.

"Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." (*Micah vi. 9.*)

LORD, I am very ill,
But Thou art very near,
And I can lie quite still,
And trust, without a fear.
Thou art so faithful and so kind,
That I have not a fault to find.

I have no fault to find,
O Holy One, in Thee:
But what is in Thy mind
About the faults in me?
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
But speak! Thy servant heareth; speak!

I want to "hear" the rod;
I want to understand
The message of my GOD,
Sent by His chastening Hand.
I hope He will not go away
And leave me what I am to-day!

I feel so very far
From what I ought to be;
And my transgressions are
Still more than I can see!
What must they be in Thy pure sight?
What must I seem in Heaven's light?

My guilty heart I bring:
O search it, Lord! and see,
And cast out everything
That still displeases Thee.
Lord JESUS, do Thy work within,
And save me, save me from my sin!

Not only from its guilt,
But also from its power:
O Saviour, if Thou wilt,
Thou canst, this very hour!
I will not let Thee go away
Except Thou bless me, Lord, to-day.

Hush! For the Saviour's Voice,
His loving Voice, I hear:
It tells me to rejoice;
It tells me not to fear.
"Fear not! I have redeemed thee!
Only believe! Believe in Me!"

Joseph and his Brethren.

"There stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren." (*Gen. xlv.* 1.)

[a] "Come near to me, I pray you!"
It is the Saviour speaking!
His loving condescension
An interview is seeking!
I tremble at His Love, but I draw near,[b]
In sweet confusedness of joy and fear.[c]

[d] Behold in Me your Brother,
[e] The Brother whom you sold!
Yet fear not;[f] for I love you
With love that grows not cold.
[g] Through Death and Resurrection I have passed,
And now I claim you for My own at last.

[a] Gen. xlv. 4. Is. i. 18. James iv. 8. [b] Ps. lxxiii. 27. Heb. vii. 9; x. 19—22. [c] Matt. xxviii. 8.
[d] Gen. xlv. 4. Heb. ii. 16, 17. [e] Acts ii. 36. [f] Jer. xxxi. 3. Heb. xiii. 8. [g] Gen. xlii. 36, 38; xliv. 20, 28; xlv. 26. 2 Cor. xiii. 4. Eph. iv. 9, 10. Rom. xiv. 9.

[a] Behold Me in My glory!
And oh! believe Me true,
[b] When I declare that mansions
Are here prepared for you.
[c] God sent Me here before you: come and be
[d] The sharers of My throne: joint heirs with Me!

[e] It is My heart's desire
To have you here with Me,
That you may see My glory,
And share as well as see.
Then come unto Me! [f] Tarry not, I pray!
[g] Yet there is room! No need to turn away!

[h] Room, in the land of Goshen,
The goodly land you see,
Room, room, for many others:
O fetch them home to Me!
Go down, on messages of love, below:
[j] But leave your heart behind you when you go!

[a] Gen. xlv. 8. Acts vii. 55, 56. 1 Pet. iii. 22. [b] John xiv. 2. [c] Gen. xlv. 5, 7, 8. John xiii. 36. Heb. vi. 20. [d] Rev. iii. 21. Rom. viii. 17.

[e] Gen. xlv. 9, 18—20. John xvii. 24, 22. [f] 2 Cor. vi. 2. Heb. iii. 15. [g] Luke xiv. 22. John xiv. 2.

[h] Gen. xlv. 10, 11, 19. [i] Matt. xii. 30. [j] Matt. vi. 21.

[a] Then give to each this message:
"Thou shalt be near to Me,
[b] And there, in My own Presence,
There will I nourish thee.
O famine-stricken soul, why wilt thou die?
Come unto Me, for I can satisfy."

[c] Describe the land of plenty,
Where you, by faith, have been:
Tell them of all the glory
That your own eyes have seen.
And if they hesitate, and wish to stay,
[d] Then show them My Provision for the way!

[e] Tell them that HE yet liveth,
Whom they have mourned as dead:
Tell them that I, their Brother,[f]
Will do as I have said,[g]
[h] And they shall surely go from strength to strength,
Until they see My loving Face at length.

[a] Gen. xlv. 10, 11. [b] Ps. xvi. 11; xxxvi. 7—9; cvii. 9. Eph. v. 29, 30; i. 22, 23.

[c] Gen. xlv. 12, 13. Heb. xi. 1. 2 Cor. iii. 18. 1 John i. 3. Acts iv. 20. [d] Gen. xlv. 21. Phil. iv. 19.

[e] Gen. xlv. 26. Rev. i. 18. Mark xvi. 10. [f] Heb. ii. 11, 12. 1 Tim. ii. 5. [g] Heb. x. 23. [h] Gen. xlv. 27. Ps. lxxxiv. 7; lxxiii. 24.

[a] And do not let them linger
To gather up their "stuff,"
For in the land of Goshen
They all will have enough!
No poverty or famine waits them here:
[b] The very trace of grief shall disappear.

[c] One word of loving caution,
Before I let you go.
You are too richly laden
To escape the watchful foe:
Keep close together! And again I say,
Keep close together, and you win the day!

[d] Go then on this My errand
Of mercy and of love,
[e] And win the hearts of thousands
To seek a Home above!
Give them the message, for you know it's true,
[f] JESUS IS YET ALIVE, AND LIVES FOR YOU!

[a] Gen. xlv. 20. Matt. vi. 19, 20. Heb. x. 34. Col. iii. 1—3. [b] Rev. vii. 16, 17: xxi. 4, 6, 7.

[c] Gen. xlv. 24. 2 Cor. xiii. 11. 1 Pet. i. 22; iii. 8; iv. 8. Heb. xiii. 1.

[d] Gen. xlv. 24—28. [e] Numb. x. 29. Dan. xii. 3. [f] Heb. vii. 16, 23—25. John xiv. 19.

The Guiding Pillar.

"And the LORD went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people." (*Exodus viii.* 21, 22.)

THE "Exodus" was only the beginning
Of countless tender mercies by the way:
GOD went before the people He had chosen,
With fire by night, and with a cloud by day.

He took it not away, that cloudy Pillar,
Although they oft provoked Him so to do:
Ungrateful though they were for all His kindness,
The Pillar led them all their journey through.

It must have looked so cool and so refreshing,
That cloudy Pillar, in the heat of day!
And then at night, its shadow no more needed,
Became a fire to light them on their way.

Just what they needed! Wonderfully fitted
To meet the varying wants of every hour!
But oh! how little did they prize the token
Of His unerring Wisdom, Love, and Power!

GOD'S leadings often crossed their inclinations:
The Pillar went too fast, or went too slow;
It stayed too long, to suit their restless temper,
Or, when they wished to stay, it bade them go!

It kept them so uncertain of the Future!
It wrote "IF GOD PERMIT," on every plan;
It seemed to mock the wisdom of the wisest,
And made a child of every full-grown man.

To bear such discipline aright, they needed
Far more humility than they possessed;
More self-abandonment, and more devotion,
A will surrendered, and a heart at rest.

And so, they murmured!—murmured very often:
Their sullen hearts rebelled against the light:
And had not GOD been strong, and very patient,
They never would have found their way aright.

Now these things happened to them for ensamples:
We find them "written for our learning," here:
O Israel! Israel! How can I condemn thee?
Thy condemnation were my own, I fear!

Yet, GOD of Israel, do not Thou forsake me!
O do not answer any wilful prayer!
But lead me safely to the Land of Promise,
To Heaven itself, and I will praise Thee there!

"Draw me."

(*Song Sol. i.* 4.)

O Thou whom my soul loveth
With true, though feeble, love,
I want to commune with Thee;
O draw my heart above!

Thou knowest that I cannot
So much as wish for Thee,
Unless Thy Holy Spirit
Work mightily in me.

The voice of prayer within me
Is paralysed and dumb,
The hand of faith is withered,
Until Thy Spirit come.

The Story of Redemption
Seems like an idle tale;
I come not, and I care not
To come, within the Veil.

But now, my heart is thirsting
And crying out for Thee!
O surely, Thine own Spirit
Has wrought this change in me.

Thou art the thing I long for!
My heart has fled above;
For Thou Thyself hast drawn me
With everlasting Love.

O Thou whom my soul loveth
Because Thou lovest me,
Thou drawest me so sweetly,
I must run after Thee!

The Eve of Departure.

WRITTEN FOR A SICK FRIEND, ON THE EVE OF A SOLITARY JOURNEY FROM A LONDON LODGING TO A COUNTRY HOME.

"*The time of my departure is at hand.*" (2 *Tim. iv.* 6.)

I LONG to flee away, and be at rest!
This world is but a lodging, at the best:
It is not Home, and Home can never be,
For it is far—too far, O Lord!—from THEE!
It seemed but twilight, in the broadest day;
And now—its light is fading quite away.

I long to be at home!—to see Thy Face,
In the "eternal leisure" of that place,
Where none of these distracting sights and sounds,
None of the misery that here abounds,
Can ever come: O holy, blessed life!
How different from all these scenes of strife!

I long to be at home! Why need I stay
An exile from that Home, another day?
Perhaps—I need not! But GOD only knows
What the untraversed morrow may disclose.
Perhaps I may be safe at home, to-morrow,
With Christ!—far, far away from earth and sorrow!

The morning dawns: methinks I hear a voice:
"Rejoice, my child! again I say, Rejoice!
This very day the order for release
Is signed in Heaven; and everlasting peace
And everlasting joy begin for thee,
This very day, in Paradise, with Me!"

Can it be true? Shall I so soon be there?
So very soon? O Holy One, prepare
My sinful soul to meet Thee face to face,
In Paradise! O strange, mysterious place!
Where is it? Near? Or very far away?
Shall I be there, "with Christ," this very day?

I do not fear the landing on the shore;
Christ will be there, and I shall fear no more.
But sometimes—for the flesh is weak—I shrink
When of the intervening waves I think.
The passage may be rough; and who can say
What perils may await me on the way?

And I must go alone! Most near and dear,
I must not hope to have thee with me here!
I know that thou wilt watch me to the last,
Till all sweet ministries of love be past,
And we shall not be separated long;
But "Love is strong as DEATH!" and Death is strong.

Lord JESUS, take away this lingering dread!
For Thou art He that livest and wast dead,
And now Thou art alive for evermore,
That Death's long Reign of Terror may be o'er.[a]
Increase my faith, that I may learn to cry,
Thanks be to GOD, Who giveth victory!

[a] Rev. i. 18. Heb ii. 14, 15. Rom. viii. 35—39.
1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

"Lovest thou Me?"

"*We love Him, because He first loved us.*" (1 *John iv.* 19.)

I saw Him leave His Father's Throne,
Forsake that Glory,—all His own!
For love of me.
And from the lowly Manger-bed,
I heard a gentle Voice that said:
"Lovest thou Me?"

I saw Him in Temptation's hour,
Weak, but o'ercoming Satan's power,
For love of me.
And as the Tempter fled away,
I heard a Voice that seemed to say:
"Lovest thou Me?"

I heard Him once, by Jacob's Well,
The message of Salvation tell,
For love of me.
My heart had been as cold as stone;
But how could I resist that tone:
"Lovest thou Me?"

I saw Him come, by pity led,
And stand beside my feverish bed,
For love of me.
Then heard Him whisper, as disease
Gave way to health, and pain to ease,
"Lovest thou Me?"

He saw me weeping for my sin,[a]
And turned to breathe His peace within,
For love of me.
O never may it lose its power,
His Voice in that sweet pardoning hour,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Once, with His own outstretched Arm,
He turned the storm into a calm,[b]
For love of me:
Then came and took me by the hand,
And said, as we approached the land,[c]
"Lovest thou Me?"

[a] Luke viii. 37—50. [b] Luke viii. 22—25.
[c] Isa. xli. 13; Ps. cvii. 29, 30.

Solitude.

"*Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.*" (*Ps. xxxi.* 20.)

I LONG to be alone—alone with Thee!
Lord JESUS, come! Reveal Thyself to me!
While I am speaking, O my GOD, draw near;
For why need human presence interfere?
Art Thou not great enough to fill all space?
Is there a bound, a limit, to Thy Grace?
Can I not be alone with Thee, although
A stream of people round about me flow?
And though they all were gone, if THOU wert not
Thyself revealed upon the lonely spot,
Of what avail were outward solitude?
Come, Lord, come now! And no one shall intrude
Upon the secret of our intercourse!
Thyself the Fountain! Thou, the living Source
Of joy, and peace, and life for evermore,
Of all worth having, or worth asking for!
As seeing Him Who is invisible,
I call on Him, with voice inaudible,
And even here, with busy life around,
A secret tabernacle I have found!
I rest in peace, and Thou the watch shalt keep,
For so Thou givest Thy Beloved sleep!

"Come unto Me."

(*St. Matt. xi.* 28.)

"Come unto Me!" He bids me, it is true:
And what an easy thing it seems to do!
But where am I to find the Saviour, now?
How can I "come" to Jesus? Tell me how!

He cannot surely mean to lay a snare
For heavy-laden souls, by words so fair?
No! If He thus invites me, it is plain,
He is as near, as if on earth again!

And if He were on earth again, I should—
And many other needy sinners would—
Look up with confidence at that kind Face,
And tell Him everything about my case.

Or if I could not speak?—if deaf and dumb?
Still I could "come" to Jesus,—I could come,
And let my very silence seem to speak:
"Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am weak!"

And though I could not hear the Lord's reply,
Still I could read my welcome in His eye:
"Come! for I will in no wise cast thee out:
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?"

Or if I could not see?—if I were blind?
Still I could picture to myself how kind,
How full of tender Love, His Face must be,
Who said those gracious words: "Come unto Me!"

Or if I could not come as others came,
With firm and eager step?—if I were lame?
Still I am sure that I should find a way
To "come" to JESUS; yes, this very day!

O JESUS CHRIST! Can it be possible
That Thou shouldst be so inaccessible
As some describe? To favoured ones, so kind,
And yet, so very difficult to find?

"The heart is so deceitful!" It is true:
But GOD knows that! He knows it better, too,
Than any heart-searcher in this world can:
"The MAN CHRIST JESUS" knows what is in man.

Saviour, I come! Whatever others say,
Thou art too near, to let me miss the way:
Thou callest me; and Thou art far too kind
To put a stumbling-block before the blind.

I take Thee at Thy word! I come to Thee;
For though I see Thee not, Thou seest me.
Weary and miserable, on Thy breast
I cast me down, and find the promised "Rest!"

The Prayer of the Destitute.

"*He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.*" (*Ps. cii.* 17.)

Give me a song, and I will sing it!
Give me an offering; I will bring it!
Give me Thyself, and I will take Thee:
Withdraw Thyself, and I forsake Thee!

My land lies fallow: Master, till me!
My heart lies empty: Master, fill me!
It plays the traitor: Master, win me!
It faints; it dies! Put new life in me!
It goes astray: Good Shepherd, lead me!
It sighs for hunger: Come and feed me!
It is so poor! Give riches to me!
It is corrupt: O Lord, renew me!
So ignorant! But Thou canst teach me.
Has wandered far! But Thou canst reach me.
Is sore diseased: Physician, heal me!
Exposed to danger: O conceal me!
It trembles! In Thine arms enfold me!
Begins to sink! O Saviour, hold me!
Is sinking fast! Have mercy on me!
So cold and dark! O shine upon me!

A poor lost sinner! Come and find me!
A rebel! May Thy love now bind me!
A prodigal! Wilt Thou receive me?
A beggar! O wilt Thou relieve me?
A backslider! Do Thou restore me!
A debtor! Be Thou Surety for me!
Unfit to die! O God, prepare me!
So weak! On eagles' wings, O bear me!
So comfortless! Lord JESUS, cheer me!
So lonely! GOD of Love, draw near me!
By sin accused! Good Lord, acquit me!
Unfit for Heaven's pure service! Fit me!
Unfit for work on earth! But use me!
A suppliant! Do not Thou refuse me!

JESUS! to Thee I call!
JESUS! be Thou my all!
O come and fill the hungry with good things,
For Thou hast all I need, thou King of kings!

A Way to Escape.

"O that I had wings like a dove! For then would I flee away, and be at rest!" (*Ps. lv.* 3.)

From the desolating sadness
That is creeping over life,
I would flee away, in spirit,
For refreshment in the strife.
Like tired dove retreating to her nest,
My soul would flee away and be at rest!

Yet I cannot, and I would not,
Altogether flee away
From the discipline appointed,
Until God's appointed day.
I would not miss one pang, one trial, here:
What God thinks good for me, I do not fear.

But I need the grapes of Eshcol,
To refresh me on the road,
Or the cross would seem too heavy,
And unbearable the load.
I will not ponder o'er its weight and length,
But flee away, to gain the needed strength.

First of all, I go to JESUS,
And I lean upon His breast,
And I say, Lord, I am weary,
Very weary! Give me rest!
The mid-day sun is hot! O tell me, soon,
Where makest Thou Thy flock to rest at noon?

Then His Spirit comes to show me
O such wondrous, blessed things,
That my sadness is forgotten,
In the comforting He brings.
He shows me JESUS!—leads from place to place,
To give fresh glimpses of His blessed Face.

From the resting-place provided,
Where a Manger was His bed,
To the resting-place provided
For the thorn-crowned dying Head!
Lord JESUS, in Thy Heart is room for me!
Shall I seek rest, where was no rest for Thee?

Onward still the Spirit leads me,
To the place where JESUS lay,
Where they laid His Sacred Body,
On the evening of that day.
See! He hath suffered in the flesh!—but now,
No pain can reach, no thorn can pierce His brow!

Then the Holy Spirit whispers,
"And canst thou not suffer, too?
Will thy sufferings last for ever?
Nay, they are but faint and few.
Hast thou a load to bear? Thy Lord had more:
Yet even His afflictions now are o'er."

Onward still! The risen Saviour
Stands with healing in His wings!
"This same JESUS!" O the comfort
That the sight of JESUS brings!
Alive for evermore! Amen! Amen!
A living Saviour lives for living men!

But I must not tarry longer;
For He leads me onward yet,
To behold the Lord ascending
From the mount of Olivet.
I see Him rising to the world of light,
Till that white cloud has borne Him from my sight.

Then the world again looks dreary;
But I hear a Voice of Love,
Saying "Yonder is thy treasure!
Seek those things that are above!
This lower world was never meant to be
Thy Home; look, yonder is the Home for thee!"

And although the blessed JESUS
Is no longer to be found
Here on earth, His holy footsteps
Seem to make it holy ground.
I see Him, hear Him, trace Him everywhere:
Look where I will, my Saviour has been there.

And sometimes the Spirit leads me,
When I stand in need of rest,
To behold the Saviour's image,
On His followers impressed.
I see the Saviour still, in every place
Where live the witnesses of His dear grace.

To the silent darkened chamber,
Where life's pulse is ebbing low,
With the Comforter beside me,
How my spirit loves to go!
JESUS HIMSELF! How clearly I can trace
His living likeness, on that dying face!

O the noble band of sufferers!
Very little do they know
Of the life-long work for JESUS,
They are doing here below!
How many do they teach, and guide, and cheer,
Unknown to them, amidst the battle here!

And when they are summoned higher,
What a track of light I find
To the golden gates of glory,
By their spirits left behind!
'Tis easier now, in heart and life to soar,
And follow on, where they have gone before.

When the world around is dreary,
What a blessing beyond price
Is the thought, that they are dwelling
In the Rest of Paradise!
"With Christ!"—"Far better," let it be confessed,
Than anything on earth that we call "Rest."

Thus in spirit oft escaping,
When by weariness oppressed,
Let me labour on and suffer,
Till I enter into Rest:
That blessed Rest!—from sin, and toil, and pain!
"To me, to live is Christ; to die is gain!"

The Man of Macedonia.

(*Acts xvi.* 6—10.)

O for a vision and a voice to lead me,
To show me plainly where my work should lie!
Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me;
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush, unbelieving one! But for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self-will,
Thou wouldest see thy Master's loving kindness,
Who by those "hindrances" is leading still.

He Who of old through Phrygia and Galatia
Led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there,
If He forbid to "preach the Word in Asia,"
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and patience! Is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purposes, of Love?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping?
It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the LORD! In His Right Hand be hidden,
And go not forth in haste to strive alone:
Shun—like a sin!—the tempting work "forbidden:"
GOD's love for souls, be sure, exceeds thine own.

The Master cares! Why feel, or seem, so lonely?
Nothing can interrupt real work for GOD:
Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only
We are resolved to cleave unto the LORD.

None are good works, for thee, but works appointed:
Ask to be filled with knowledge of His Will,
Cost what it may! Why live a life disjointed?
One work throughout! GOD's pleasure to fulfil!

But if indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford this waiting-time to lose?
By each successive task, GOD educates thee:
What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Can walls be builded with untempered mortar?
Or fish be caught in the unmended snare?
Must not the metal pass through fire and water,
If for the battle-field it would prepare?

O thou unpolished shaft! Why leave the quiver?
O thou blunt axe! What forest canst thou hew?
Unsharpened sword! Canst thou the oppressed deliver?
Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew!

Submit thyself to GOD for preparation:
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord!
Call it not "zeal!" It is a base temptation:
Satan is pleased, when man dictates to GOD.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample
On each self-flattering fancy that appears!
Did not the LORD Himself, for our example,
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the Tempter's wiles thou be ensnared:
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed!
Let GOD prepare thee for the work prepared!

LONDON: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

